

N<sup>o</sup> 24

# LINTOUN--ADDRESS

To His Highness the PRINCE of

ORANGE.

By D<sup>r</sup> Alexander Pennecuik of Newhall and Romano.

## PROLOGUE.

**V**ICTORIOUS Sir, still faithful to thy Word,  
Who conquers more by Kindness than by Sword,  
As thy Ancestors brave, with matchless Vigour,  
Caus'd *Hogen, Mogen* make so great a Figure;  
So thou that art *Great-Britain's* only *Moses*,  
To guard our Martial *Thistle* with the *Roses*,  
The *Discords* of the *Harp* in Tune to bring,  
And curb the Pride of *Lilies* in the *Spring*:  
Permit, Great Sir, poor Us, among the *Prease*,  
In humble Terms to make this blunt *Address*,  
In limping Verse; for as Your Highness knows,  
You have good Store of Nonsense, else in Prose.

SIR, First of all, That it may please  
Your Highness, to give us an Ease  
Of our Oppressions, more or less,  
Especially that Knave the *Cess*.  
And Poverty for Pity cries,  
To modify our dear Excise:  
If ye'll not trust us when we say't,  
Faith! we're not able, Sir to pay't;  
Which makes us sigh when we should sleep,  
And fast when we should go to Meat:  
Yea scarce can get it for to borrow,  
Yet drink we must, to flogen Sorrow;  
For this our Grief, Sir, makes us now  
Sleep seldom sound till we be Fow.

SIR, Let no needless Forces stand,  
To plague this poor but valiant Land.  
And let no Rhetoric procure  
Pensions, but only to the Poor;  
That Spend-thrift Courtiers get no Share,  
To make the King's Exchequer bare.  
Then, Valiant Sir, we beg at large,  
You will free Quarters quite discharge.  
We live upon the King's High-street,  
And scarce a Day we miss some Cheat;  
For Horse and Foot, as they come by,  
Sir, be they hungry, cold or dry,  
They eat and drink, and burn our Peets,  
With Fiend a Farthing in their Breeks,  
Destroy our Hay, and press our Horse,  
Whiles break our Heads, and that is worse,  
Consume both Men and Horses Meat,  
And make both Wives and Bairns to greet.

By what is said, your Highness may  
Judge if Two Stipends we can pay;  
And therefore, if ye wish us well,  
You must with all Speed reconcile  
Two jangling Sons of the same Mother,  
*Eliot* and *Hay* with one another.  
Pardon us, Sir, for all your Wit,  
We fear, that prove a kittle Put;  
Which, tho' the wiser Sort condole,  
Our *Lintoun* Wives still blow the Coal:  
And no Man here, as well we ken,  
Would have us all *John Thomson's* Men.  
Sir, it was said e're I was born,  
Who blows best, bears away the Horn;  
And he that lives and preaches best,  
Should win the Pulpit from the rest.

THE next Petition that we make,  
Is, That for brave Earl *Teviot's* Sake,  
Who had great Kindness for this Place,  
You'll move the Duke our Master's Grace,  
To put a Knock upon our Steeple,  
To shew the Hours to Country People:  
For we that live into the Town,  
Our Sight grows short by Sun goes down:  
And charge him, Sir, our Street to mend,  
And causey it from End to End:  
Pay but the Workmen for their Pains,  
And we shall jointly lead the Stanes:  
Incase Your Highness put him to't,  
Our Mercat Customs well may do't;  
For of himself he is not rash,  
Because he wants the ready Cash.  
For if Your Highness, for some Reasons,  
Should honour *Lintoun* with your Presence,  
Your Milk-white Palfrey would turn brown,  
E're ye rid half out thro' the Town;  
And that would put upon our Name,  
A Blot of everlasting Shame,  
Who are reputed honest Fellows,  
And stout as ever *William Wallace*.

LASTLY, Great Sir, discharge us all  
To go to Court without a Call;  
Discharge Laird *Isaac*, and *Hog-yards*,  
*James Gifford* and the *Lintoun* Lairds,  
Old *William Younger* and *Geordie Purdie*,  
*James Douglass*, *Scrogs*, and *Little Swordie*,  
And *English Andrew* who has Skill,  
To knap at every Word so well;  
Let *King seat* stay for the *Town-head*,  
Till that old peevish Wife be dead,  
And that they go on no Pretence,  
To put this Place to great Expence,  
Nor yet shall contribute their Share,  
To any who are going there,  
To strive to be the greatest Minion,  
Or plead for This or That Opinion.  
If we have any Thing to spare,  
Poor Widows they should be our Care,  
The Fatherless, the Blind and Lame,  
Who starve, yet for to beg think Shame.  
So farewell, Sir, here is no Treason,  
But Wealth of Rhime, and Part of Reason:  
And for to save some needless Cost,  
We send this our Address by Post.

## EPILOGUE.

THRICE noble *Orange*, Blessed be the Time,  
Such fair Fruit prosper'd in our *Northern* Clime,  
Whose sweet and cordial Juice affords us Matter,  
And Sawce to make our *Capons* eat the better:  
Long may thou thrive, and still thy Arms advance,  
Till *England* send an *Orange* into *France*,  
Well guarded thro' proud *Neptune's* Waves, and then  
What's sweet to us, may prove sowre Sawce to them.  
As *England* doth, so *CALEDONIA* boasts,  
She'll fight with *Orange* for the Lord of Hosts.  
And tho' the Tyrant hath unsheath'd his Sword,  
Fy! fear him not, he never kept his Word.